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Malone. B. 146.

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THE

Fatal Conſtancy.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by

HILDEBRAND JACOB, Eſq;

Fortis, & infelix, &, pluſquam fœmina Virgo.

Ovid. Metam.

LONDON:

Printed for J. TONSON at *Shakeſpear's Head* over-againſt *Katharine Street* in the *Strand*. 1723.

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To the Honourable

Mrs. *MARY HOWE.*

Hope, MADAM, there needs no great Apology for presenting you, in this manner, with a TRAGEDY, to which you have already made a Compliment of your Approbation, and where there is a Portraiture of Female Virtue; which, were it a finish'd Picture, you wou'd resemble in every

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thing but her Love, and her Misfortunes.

I flatter my ſelf too, Madam, that the Honour I have, of being no diſtant Relation of yours, may, in ſome meaſure, excuſe the Liberty I take, of appearing under the Sanction of your Name, which is of Authority enough to ſupport any thing, if poſſible, more unworthy of your Peruſal than the following Piece. I am,

MADAM,

Your Obedient, Humble Servant,

Hildebrand Iacob

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *BOOTH.*

THIS Night we repreſent a modern Play,
Short, plain, and ſimple, in the ancient way:
Inſtead of Ornament, and borrow'd Grace,
The Unities of Action, Time, and Place.
We raiſe no Ghoſts, call down no gay Machines,
Nor tempt you with variety of Scenes;
With no rich, pompous Pageantry ſurpriſe,
Nor, to ſecure your Hands, delude your Eyes:
On Thought we now rely, and hope Succeſs
From eaſy Words, and natural Diſtreſs.
In early Ages with no Charms but theſe
The Fathers of the Drama *ſought to pleaſe;*
By Nature Nature's Paſſions they refin'd,
Search'd their own Hearts, to gain the Hearer's Mind,
And from their own Emotions mov'd Mankind.
But, O, for ſuch a Muſe, and ſuch a Fire
As did of old the Grecian *Bards Inſpire!*
While Athens *from the manly Scene grew ſage,*
And ſat whole Days attentive to the Stage;
When Theatres were Schools, and the pleas'd Youth
Was kindly cheated into Senſe, and Truth.
Then might our Author too demand Applauſe,
And boldly truſt in Ariſtotle's *Laws,*
Sure to inſtruct, as ſure to give delight,
And Art with Nature happily unite.

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Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

ZIMON, an *Athenian* General.	Mr. *Mills.*
OMPHARES, a young Nobleman of *Athens*, betrothed to *Zimon's* Daughter.	Mr. *Booth.*
TRYPHON, an Augur, retain'd by *Zimon.*	Mr. *Cibber.*
AMMON, an Orphan, depending upon *Zimon.*	Mr. *Williams.*

WOMAN.

HESIONE, Daughter to *Zimon.*	Mrs. *Porter.*

A Herald, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE a large Hall in *Zimon's* Villa, adjoining to *Athens.*

Time of the Action *no longer than that of the* Representation.

THE

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THE FATAL CONSTANCY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter AMMON.

THE Shades of Night retire, and infant Day
Looks doubtful in the East, the Day which bears
My Happiness, or my Destruction.
And you, infernal Ministers of Wrath,
Ye *Furies*, who delight in human Ills,
Hear, and attend! to no light Purpose call'd!
This Day shall be the Parent of such Deeds
As well deserve your Aid!——soft!—— who comes there?——
Tyrphon!

Enter Tryphon.

Try. The same.

Amm. The same I would have met.
But say, sage Prophet, why, e'er well 'tis Day,

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Thou'rt searching here alone for Prodigies,
And ominous Portents? thou ne'er art wont
So early to forsake thy easy Down,
And venture on th' inclement Breath of Morn.
Try. Hallow'd I come, and recent from the Tem-
Big with Prophetic Truth, in mystic Dreams [ple;
Reveal'd e'en now before the Sacred Altar.
If thou art pure, approach.
Amm. Fly from thy self,
If thou dost fear Pollution———I am free!
Try. Ammon, thou may'st repent this impious Mirth.
Amm. 'Tis now no time of Sport. [
Canst thou be bold?
Try. Ay, in a worthy Cause.
Amm. Hast thou a free, and enterprizing Spirit,
That for the sake of doing ought that's Great,
Will do't! and make no cold Reflections?
If so, thou hast a Soul for my Design.
Try. Why this is strange! Say, is my Aid requir'd
In what concerns thy Peace; or to advance
The gen'ral Growth of Piety, and Truth;
To dry the Widow's Tears; or to relieve
The Orphan's Wants? —If thus I am of use,
In brief propose thy Will? Some previous Rites
To these intended Nuptials call me hence.
Amm. I am, thou know'st, an Orphan; nobly born;
And a Dependent still.
Try. I mourn thy Fate.
Amm. The wealthy *Zimon* has an only Daughter.
Try. Which Child our gracious Benefactor gives
This Morning to thy Friend.
Amm. An Heiress, *Tryphon*,
Best on a ruin'd Noble is bestow'd,
To mend the Breaches angry Fortune makes,
And cleanse that Blood, Contempt and Poverty
Has well-nigh tainted.
Try. Hah!—no more of that!
Is this thy Aim?

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Amm. My Love, and Int'reſt both
Demand the beauteous Treaſure. Did'ſt thou not diſ-
The Joy I vainly labour'd to ſubdue, [cern
When *Zimon* twice, in th' Error of his Zeal,
Defer'd the Rites, protracting ſo my Hope
To this important Day!—Shall I endure
To ſee *Omphales* bear away the Maid?
Can I, as Friends are wont, joyn in the Mirth?
Mix with the ſprightly Dance, and Nuptial Song?
Nay more; when ſlow, and long-expected Night,
When every ſmiling Planet to their Joy
Shall call the happy Lovers, even then
Shall I, with others of the cheerful Throng,
Unto my Rival's Bed, their Scene of Bliſs,
Uſher the bluſhing Pair? Not e'en in Thought
Can I ſupport it!

Try. Fond Preſumption!

Amm. No! You can conſtrue Omens as you pleaſe,
And either way expound the Will of Heav'n,
As Inclination, or as Int'reſt leads.
I know thou can'ſt: 'Tis ſo thou doſt delude
The Superſtitious *Zimon*, practiſing
Upon his credulous, and eaſy Nature.

Try. Unheard-of Inſolence! Am I choſe out
To aid thee in thy Crimes? Thus doſt thou treat
The ſacred Seer of Heav'n, whoſe hallow'd Breaſt
Th' Immortals deign to viſit, and inform?
Away, thou Prophanation! Vex no more
My holy Ears with thy Impieties! [*Going off.*]

Amm. No! Thou ſhalt hear me on, and aid me too!
[*Detaining him.*

Try. Aid thee! To rob thy Patron of his Daughter.
Is *Zimon* thus repaid? Is this the Meed
Of his Protection, and indu'gent Care?
Had he not ſav'd thee, Fate had caſt thee forth
To all the ling'ring Pains of ſhameful Want.
But when thy Father fell, this gen'rous Friend
Held thee an helpleſs Infant in his Arms.

And fondly told thee——Yet thou hast a Father!
So took thee home, and rank'd thee with his fair
Hesione, where, like a tender Plant
Plac'd on the Brink of some refreshing Stream,
You flourish'd thro' his kindly Influence.
This, *Ammon*, is the Man thou would'st abuse!
Amm. His Gifts are, as a Step-Dame's Largesses,
But cold, and given with a grudging Hand:
No more than to support my Misery.
Try. Methinks, I see *Omphales* too inrag'd,
And ready to accuse his perjur'd Friend!
On thy own Head be all thy Treachery! [*Going off.*
Amm. I have a Lure shall bring thee back again!
Tryphon, behold! this Gem contains the Sum
Of all my present Fortunes.
[*Discovers a Jewel, while* Try. *turns and pauses.*
Try. Be it so!——
Thou dar'st not bribe me sure? [*Approaching.*
Amm. Impossible! [*Lustre.*
Try. I think, thou dar'st not!——'Tis, in Size, and
Second to none my Eyes have yet beheld——
[*Observing the Jewel.*
Wou'dst thou to any of the heav'nly Pow'rs
Present, and dedicate this precious Treasure,
I'll recommend it with my warmest Pray'rs.
Amm. I now conceive thee——here! ——may *Paphian Venus*
Accept this Gem as *Ammon*'s Offering! [*Gives him the*
Try. I take it, as 'tis meant! [*Jewel.*
Amm. I trust you do.
Try. A Sacred Off'ring to the Queen of Love.
I've no sinister Ends! I take no Bribes!
Amm. To thee no Bribe; but to the *Paphian* God-
Venus, in Pity to her Votary's Pain, [dess!
May blast these Lovers hopes, turn all their Signs
Of Peace and Joy to ominous, and bad,
Inspiring thy Prophetic Tongue to prove
That I alone was born to bless the Maid.

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Try. The Deities delight in Offsprings!
Venus is present, and accepts thy Gift.
— A num'rous Offspring, and a constant Love
Shall bless thy future Days! —— but this not yet!
Nor is *Hesione* the promis'd Fair!
Not *Jove* himself can alter Fate's Decrees!
[*Spoken as tho' he then laboured with the Deity.*
Amm. Practise thy Arts on Fools!
[*Endeavouring to recover the Gem.*
Try. O Sacrilege! —
Dar'st thou retake what to th' Immortal Powers
Thou'st offer'd up, and sanctify'd to Heav'n? ——
I tremble for thee! [*Going off.*
Amm. Stir! by this good Sword,
Thy Fate pursues!
Try. Fond Man! I'm arm'd from Heav'n!
Amm. Hold! — I have yet a stronger Argument!
[*Recollecting.*
Try. No more! it is not in the Pow'r of Man
To tempt me!
Amm. No? nor Woman, Dotard?
Try. Hah! — [*Discovering Signs of Surprise.*
Amm. The kind, young Slave, the beauteous *African,*
Swears thou'rt a very *Paris* in thy Courtship!
— Is it not Death for any of thy Tribe
To break his solemn Oath of Chastity?
[*In a threatning Tone.*
— Nay, blush not, nor deny it, holy Seer!
You but prepar'd her for more youthful Arms!
She told me all your Love, e'en from the time
When you pursu'd her, faultring, to the Grove,
And mutter'd Curses on your aged Limbs.
'Twas then, that, lavish of your Sighs and Pray'rs,
You pour'd out all your tender Artifice!
Why all this Fear you cry'd, this coy Disdain?
Can chirping Birds reveal? can Winds complain?
Will yon, soft, murm'ring Brook our Loves upbraid?

Or Myrtles tell what's done beneath their Shade?
The ſtol'n Delight with me you ſafely prove;
For who ſuſpects the ſacred Seer of Love?
—Thus eloquent thou waſt! then, to confirm
The wav'ring Maid, thou needs muſt make it clear,
That Vice, and Virtue are Opinions!
That the Diſcovery only is the Crime!
Till ſhe—nay, frown not! it avails thee nought!

Try. [*After a Pauſe.*] *Ammon*, thou knowſt me well: and I know thee.

The Masks are off, and we convicted ſtand
To one another.

Amm. Then our wiſeſt Courſe
Is to ſecure each other's Intereſt.

Try. Grant me but one thing more, I'll follow thine
Thro' all the Labyrinths of cloſe Deceit.
Thou art not now to learn our Patron's Fortunes,
His endleſs Treaſure, his unnumber'd Stores,
The Gifts of *Athens*, and the Spoils of War;
Enough to weary the moſt lavish Hand,
And even make a Virtue of Profuſeneſs.
Nor need I tell thee, by th' *Athenian* Law
'Tis all *Heſione*'s Inheritance.

Amm. Enough! I can imagine thy Requeſt.
—Now, by the equal Powers who preſide
O'er mortal Contracts, and revenge their Fraud,
I ſwear! and thus confirm the Oath! *—ſucceed,

[* *Giving his Right Hand, according to the* Grecian *manner of plighting Faith*].

The Fourth of all her Dowry ſhall be thine.

Try. No more! I'll call up all my Artifice!
—Behold! the Morning gilds th' *Athenian* Towers.
Zimon will ſoon awake, and bleſs the Day.
Then will I fill his Superſtitious Mind
With holy Scruples, and religious Fears;
Invent new Prophecies; confound the old;
Be wond'rous dark and doubtful——

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Amm.

Amm. And in haſte:
Matters of this Conſiſtence muſt not hang.
Try. The very Banquet, if I aim aright,
[*After a Pauſe.*
Made for thy Rival's Nuptials, graces thine.
Amm. My Soul will labour for the wiſh'd Event.
Try. Fear not! the Man we purpoſe to deceive,
Thou know'ſt by Nature moulded to our Uſe.
Haſt thou forgot what in the Front of War
Th' Enthuſiaſt did, when either Hoſt prepar'd,
In dreadful Silence ſtood; 'twixt Foe, and Foe
A narrow; but an horrid Interval!
While Ruin in a thouſand threatning Shapes
Ruin oppos'd; and grinning Death o'er all
Shook his dire Shaft, impatient for th' Alarm,
To let looſe all his Furies, and commence
The wild Deſtruction? it was at that time
That Victim after Victim madly fell
By his own Hand; for ſtill in vain they bled,
Nor promis'd to his Arms the wiſh'd Succeſs:
When, ſuddenly, behold! th' impatient Foe
Rain on our Hoſt a Storm of miſſive War.
Yet wou'd he ſacrifice! None dare t'advance,
He cry'd, 'till Heav'n commands! our Ranks grew thin;
Reluctant, unreveng'd th' *Athenians* fell.
At length the Omens of Succeſs were found,
Then, ſtrong with double Fury, on he led
His conquering Army! his devouring Sword,
Thus licens'd from above, and edg'd with Zeal,
Fell keen, and heavy on the *Perſian* Pride!
Ammon. Such is the Force of ſuperſtitious Fire!
Try. But why to thee need I unfold the Man?
'Tis Time I practis'd on th' Enthuſiaſt.
Farewel! thy Rival comes!
Amm. Smiling in Hope!
Try. Why ſmile thou on him too: meet Smile with Smile,

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And safely in the Form of Truth deceive. [*Exit* Try.

Enter Omphales *to* Ammon.

Amm. Welcome from *Athens!* this good Morning's Hopes
Have brought you early to your Happiness.
[*Embracing him.*
No longer be the promis'd Bliss delay'd!
May every Omen now propitious prove,
And every Joy that *Hymen* can bestow
Reward *Omphales* Truth!
Omp. Thou'rt ever kind!
Amm. So be the Fair you love!
Omp. Possess'd of her.
Not Jealousy it self might doubt my Bliss.
O *Ammon*, she was made without Allay!
Perfection's fairest Pattern!
Amm. So compleat,
That you alone are worthy of the Maid.
All *Greece* shall joy to see *Omphales* blest:
Unenvy'd you shall call that Beauty yours,
Her Wealth, this happy Mansion too, your own,
This lov'd Retreat, which proudly from its Height
Looks down on *Athens* as it would contemn
The busy Croud, and frown on the vain World:
Is, and is not of *Athens*.
Omp. O, my Friend!
Name not those Trifles with *Hesione!*
From Beggary, and Want! e'en from the Chains
Of Slav'ry I had ta'en her to my Arms,
And glory'd in her Smiles! when thou art told,
I doat with Fondness never known before;
Am dead to all Delights but those she gives,
Her Arms my World, her Bosom my Retreat:
Yet think me Just! it shall be strange, indeed,
When thou'rt forgot! were Fortune in my Pow'r,
Thou shou'dst outshine thy glorious Ancestors.
Had'st thou Ambition, it might serve thee now:

War

War threatens us; [but thou 'rt a Slave to Eaſe]
War is at hand, and calls our Youth to Glory.
Amm. I thought the World at Peace: th' *Athenian* Arms
Hang idly up, and ruſt within our Temples. [*an*
Whence is this Storm?
Omp. It blows from *Perſia*.
Th' Invaders, like a Deluge, come upon us,
Exulting in their Barb'rous Multitude,
And pompous War. It is not yet abroad:
This Morning will unfold it to the State.
Amm. Timon will head our Pow'rs?
Omp. Moſt certainly:
His Name's a Terror to the *Perſian*.
Thrice has the daring Chief o'erthrown the Foe.
O, cou'd he but as well himſelf ſubdue!
His only Error! turn but from that ſide,
And thou may'ſt look with wonder at the Man!
By Heav'ns, it galls my Heart, when I behold
Theſe Prophets lord it o'er a gen'rous Spirit!
I tremble at their Pow'r! our common Cauſe,
The Fate of *Greece* it ſelf is in their Hands!
Under their Omens we go forth to War,
And with their Omens ſheath the Sword in Peace;
For them we Conquer! for the holy Drones
Batten upon the Harveſt of our Toil,
And laugh to ſee our labour!—fain I'd learn,
Which was their Hour of Danger; or the time
When to themſelves they propheſy'd of Ill!
But this is not enough! they now become
Our private Guides, and rule our inmoſt Souls!
Influence every Circumſtance of Life!
Our Reaſon; nay, our very Paſſions too
They wou'd inſlave! and we muſt love, and hate
At their Direction!—Inſolence, and Craft!
Amm. Delays have vext thee: I'll engage, at leaſt,
For *Tryphon*'s Faith!
Omp. No more; the time draws on.
I'll in, and at the Altar ſee perform'd

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What

What previous Rites th' *Athenian* Law requires?
I wou'd not ſeem remiſs in Duty here.
Come! thou ſhalt witneſs to my Offering.

Then with a Bridegroom's Joy I'll meet the Fair,
And in her Arms elude all future Care.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

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The Fatal Conſtancy.

ACT II.

ZIMON, and *TRYPHON*.

ZIMON.

AN awful Dread, a Parent's fond Compaſſion
Contend within me——and this midnight Dream——— [ly bred
Try. No airy Dream of Chance! not vain-
Of midnight Vapours, and unkind Repoſe;
But with Luſtrations ſought, and Sacrifice!
Preſented at the time when no falſe Dream
Deludes the Senſe; in the laſt Watch of Night,
While on the Victims Skins I ſlept before the Altar.
The Prieſts, who in the outward Temple held
Their ſolemn Vigils, ſay the Pavement ſhook,
The Altars groan'd, and ſtrange amazing Sounds
The while re-echo'd thro' the vaulted Dome———
The dreadful Interdiction too reſounds
Still in my Ears, like the low, murm'ring Noiſe
Of diſtant Thunder.
Zim. And will Heav'n divide
A Pair which Nature ſeems herſelf joyn?
A Pair whoſe Loves have from their Childhood grown,

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And

And ſtrengthen'd with 'em?
Try. Yet the Gods are juſt! ——
Let us conſider well of this Deſign,
E'en from its Birth. Now twice the full-orb'd Moon
Has waſted, ſince our firſt Attempt was made;
And now the third ſends forth its Influence,
Propitious held to *Hymen*'s Votaries.
Think, when the firſt appointed Day was come,
And the young Pair before the Altar plac'd,
How ſuddenly the Sun withdrew his Beams,
And vail'd him from the Sight, while Night in Clouds
Seem'd to return in haſte upon the Morn.
How *Jove* from forth the wat'ry Stores of Heaven
Pour'd down a ſecond Deluge on our Heads;
Nor ceas'd his livid Shafts of ſulph'rous Flame,
Nor ceas'd his dreaded Voice till we retir'd?
Zim. The Day was horrible!
Try. Again the Moon
Grew to her higheſt Pride: fondly again
Thou did'ſt preſume! for what, alas, avail'd
Thy Hecatomb, and pompous Sacrifice?
Think how unwillingly the Victims fell;
How they were dragg'd into the holy Place.
How, when the Intrals were explor'd, in one
The Heart was fought in vain; and from the next
A ſtench of foul Corruption iſſued forth:
How from the ſacred Altar, Clouds of Smoak,
Black as *Tartarean* Vapours, roul'd around,
And hung like Night upon us: nor aſpir'd
The Flame towards Heav'n; but, dividing, ſeem'd
To ſteal as in diſdain from what it fed on.
Rank was the Incenſe, and the holy Wine
Imbitter'd as with Gall: with theſe compare
What now has happen'd. Urge not Heav'n too far!
But rather thank th' indulgent Pow'rs, who deign,
To lighten up our dark, uncertain Ways.
Heaven, the tender Parent of Mankind,
At firſt informs us gently, and in Smiles;

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But with an heavy Hand Correction comes,
If we neglect the kind Admoniſher.
Zim. May not repeated Sacrifice avail?
Not the pure Vows of the unſpotted Maid? [bine,
Try. Then know'ſt thou not, that tho' all Heav'n com-
To turn the ſteady Courſe of Fate, 'twere vain?
——Yet when I reaſon with my ſelf, 'tis ſtrange,
[*After a Pauſe.*
That you, my Lord, who are the very Head,
Or, as it were, the Helm of this Deſign,
Shou'd find no private Information;
(As oft it happens on the like Occaſions)
Nor yet are ſelf-inſtructed from above:
Nor from within, by Doubts, Miſgivings, Fears,
Involuntary Motions, ſuch as ſeem
Impos'd upon the Senſe; nor from without,
By Objects, or confirming Accidents.
Zim. Now, *Tryphon*, thou awak'ſt my Memory,
Which Age, and a long Care for *Athens'* Good
Have worn to frequent Slumbers. Some Days ſince,
As thro' the ſolemn Cloiſter of the *Temple*,
And round its hallow'd Grove, where awful Shade
And Silence teach us Adoration,
All bent on Heav'n, I took my wonted Way;
A ſudden ſtrange Emotion fir'd my Soul;
I grew enlighten'd, and the Book of Fate,
Methought, was opening to my Mind: When, lo!
Forth from the Thicket ruſh'd a monſt'rous Boar,
The Terror, and the Tyrant of his Kind,
In Horror, and in Size ſurpaſſing far
All that our *Attic* Mountains yet have bred.
He ſtop'd! e'en in my Path he ſtop'd!—I paus'd!
He glar'd awhile, and, foaming, as in Rage,
With hideous Yells betook him to the Foreſt.
Try. How? glar'd he on thee?
Zim. With an Eye of Death!
As tho' we had encounter'd in the Chaſe,
And with my Spear I had fix'd him to the Earth!

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Try. And came he on the Left, my Lord?
Zim. He did.
Try. O, how induſtrious are the pitying Pow'rs,
To guide aright the wand'ring Steps of Man!
Think! has ought elſe occurr'd?——
Zim. The other Morn, [*After a ſhort Pauſe.*
As tow'rds the Eaſt I bow'd my ſelf to Heaven,
Begging Succeſs on this our Enterprize,
A lonely Turtle on the Left I ſpy'd.
Try. The ſocial Bird of *Venus*, and alone?
This boads a Separation! or by Death;
Or, what is worſe than Death, Domeſtic Jarrs.
Far off be all ſuch ſtrife from *Zimon*'s Walls! [Gods!
Zim. I know thou lov'ſt me, know thou fear'ſt the
Try. So fearing, I obey their Heav'nly Wills.
Zim. 'Tis plain thou doſt—but oh, ye awful Pow'rs!
How to the tender Maid may I make known
Your harſh Reſolves? how tear her from his Arms?
Oh, 'twill be worſe than Death! a Love ſo true!
So deep ingrafted in each other's Heart!
Oft have I mark'd with Joy their growing Paſſion,
And thought 'twas happy! firſt in Infant Smiles
It broke, and ſtrengthen'd into Sighs from thence;
Sighs almoſt made in Ignorance of their Cauſe:
At length Maturity awakes Deſire;
They Hope, they Fear; they Vow, and call it Love.
And now to part! in reach of either's Arms!
Cut off, divided at their Noon of Hope!
Try. Alas, 'tis hard! but Senſe of Duty ſure
Will mitigate the Pain. *Heſione*
Knows what is due to Heav'n, and to her Sire:
Early you painted to her tender Mind
The Monſter Vice in all its ugly Forms;
The flow'ry Paths of Virtue next you drew,
And peaceful Innocence: ſhe was all Ear;
Her happy Diſpoſition met your Care,
And half prevented your Inſtruction.

Digitized by Google *Zim.*

Zim. True, my good *Tryphon!* but ſo great a Tryal!
So difficult a Task for Patience!
Tho' nurs'd amidſt the Horrors of the Field,
Bred in Alarms, and intimate with Danger,
I'm not ſo ſteel'd againſt Compaſſion,
That I conceive not what ſuch Lovers feel
At ſuch a Separation: nor has Age
So ſower'd my Nature, that I wiſh not Youth
Its innocent Deſires—nor can'ſt thou feel
A Father's Tenderneſs.

Try. A Father's Love
Shines cleareſt in the Duty of a Father!
Shall Man, ſhall narrow-ſighted Man declare
This is my certain Path to Happineſs?
Here will I tread? but that I'll ſurely ſhun;
For Danger, Care, and Pain are ambuſh'd there?
When even then the kind, indulgent Pow'rs
Expoſe the wildneſs of his fond Deſires,
And Thunder loudly tells him he is wrong?
——Then let all-knowing Fate provide no more!

Zim. Miſtake me not! I am not all ſubdu'd:
The Will of Heav'n is fervent at my Heart!
Had yet th' all-equal Pow'rs been more ſevere,
And to their Altars doom'd the Spotleſs Maid;
Deſtin'd her Virgin Blood a Sacrifice
To the ſad Manes of th' unburied Foes
This Arm has ſlain—ſhou'd I with-hold my Child?
Nay more, was this her Parent's Sword decreed
Death's ſacred Inſtrument—ſhou'd I yet pauſe?
Withdraw my Hand, and ſpare the beauteous Victim?

Try. No! in Compaſſion thou wou'dſt Sacrifice!
Nor meant I ought to thee: but there are ſome,
Shou'd even the Guardian Goddeſs of our State
Minerva's ſelf from her high Heav'n deſcend,
And in th' *Athenian* Streets declare her Will,
Yet ſome, I fear, there wou'd be found, to cloſe
Their impious Ears againſt her loud Commands!

Zim. If any ſuch there be, forgive 'em Heav'n!

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Try. Heav'n is forgot! our Altars are grown cold!
Zim. Behold my Daughter! Joy, and Innocence
Bloom in her Face. Alas! *Hesione*,
Thou know'st not yet how near thou art to Pain!
That the rich Robe, gay *Hymen*'s Livery,
Which, foil'd by thy own Lustre, fades upon thee,
Now only serves to decorate thy Sorrows.

Enter Hesione.

Welcome! O welcome to thy Father's Arms!
[*Embracing her.*
Pledge of my youthful Love! thou fairest Flow'r,
Which with a Planter's Care I still have guarded,
Cherish'd, defended from invading Storms,
That when my Winter shou'd draw on, when Age
Shou'd sadden all things to me, thou alone
Might'st bloom, and flourish in my faded Eyes,
And smooth the last, sad, rugged Stage of Life.
——O, may'st thou yet, yet answer all my Hope!
Hes. Doubt you *Hesione*, whose grateful Heart
Ne'er knew a Wish, that came not first from yours?
Zim. O, gaze not on me thus! but rather turn,
And hide thee from me——Oh, *Hesione!*
Say, from thy Soul, hast thou not ever found me
Kind to thy Will, and yielding to thy Pray'rs?
Hes. Ever! and a whole Life of duteous Love
Will poorly recompence your tender Care.
Zim. Can'st thou be rigid in Obedience?
Hes. Duty, and Love stand ready to perform,
Whate'er my Father's Justice can command.
Try. You think the Gods are just, *Hesione?*
Hes. Let all my Actions testify I do.
Try. Heav'n grant they may!
Hes. Then I am doubted still.
Say, my lov'd Father, I conjure you, say, [Breast?
Whence are these Sighs? why heaves your gen'rous
Zim. Think! canst thou bear the Storms of angry
Fate?

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Can'st

Can'ſt thou thy ſelf ſubdue? and haſt thou learnt
Of Patience ought beſides its empty Name?
Hef. With you the worſt of Fates I cou'd endure!
Shou'd it pleaſe Heav'n, at once to pull us down
Even unto the laſt of Miſeries!
That Bondage, Sickneſs, Poverty, and Shame
Might ſeize upon us all, your Name, and Houſe
Expung'd for ever from the Book of Fame!
E'en then *Omphales*, and *Heſione*
Cou'd leaſt forſake you. All the weary Day,
Tho' threaten'd, ſcorn'd, we'd beg for your Support;
All Night by turns ſecure you in your Sleep,
And with our wretched Weeds from the cold Dews
Defend your reverend Head.
Zim. Excellent Creature!——— [*Aſide.*
Thou art, alas! too tender for thy Fate.
Tell me, *Heſione*, when thou haſt heard
Some moving Tale of unſucceſsful Love,
Some ſad, diſaſtrous Story, full of Woe,
Of tedious Abſence, Pain, and Sufferance;
When, thro' a ſtrange variety of Ills,
The conſtant Pair have met, have even reach'd
Each others Arms, and then ſome angry God
Has ſever'd 'em for ever! ſay, my Child,
When thou haſt heard a moving Tale like this,
How has thy Heart endur'd it?
Hef. Oh, my Father!
Whence are theſe Words? why urge you this to me?
——Where is *Omphales*?

Enter Omphales, *and* Ammon.

Omp. See the happy Man!
Call'd by that Voice, were I an Age intomb'd,
Methinks, I e'en might force the Grave it ſelf,
And ſtruggle thro' the Arms of Death to meet thee!
[*Embracing her.*
Here every Fear is loſt! this is the Hour
The Hour of Joy, and Heaven crowns our Wiſhes!

Thus let this happy Day begin with Bleſſings.
[*Kneeling with* Heſione, *to* Zimon, *who turns from 'em.*]
Hah! why this Silence, and theſe ſigns of Mourning?
Are theſe our Nuptials? —— Oh, *Heſione!*
[*Riſing.*
E'en on this Day ſhall we converſe in Sighs,
The ſad Intelligence of hopeleſs Lovers? ——
Oh, anſwer me! nor turn thy Face in Sorrow!
Heſ. Learn there the Cauſe! a Tale too ſad, I fear,
He labours to unfold. [*Pointing to* Zimon.
Zim. Fain wou'd I ſpeak
Of Joy, and Comfort to your troubled Souls!
Omp. What'er your heavy Story is, at once
Declare it: For my Soul had rather prove
One certain Evil, than imagine all.
Zim. Imagine what your leaſt cou'd wiſh to hear.
Omp. Ha! how is this? —By Heav'n it muſt be ſo!
It ſtrikes at us, *Heſione!* —— O, arm,
Arm thee with Patience, my prophetic Soul!
A third Delay! —— how long muſt I endure? ——
Thou honour'd Parent of *Heſione!*
I ſee thy generous Breaſt is troubled for me.
Doubt not my Patience: I'm enur'd to ſuffer!
[*Pointing to* Heſione.
If yet the Gods wou'd prove my Conſtancy,
If it concerns thy Peace, that we again
Defer our promis'd Bliſs, proclaim it now!
Name but the certain Time, th' appointed Day
When we ſhall meet in Joy, and tho' till then
Each Hour is loaded with an Age's Care;
Tho' no pale, lonely Ghoſt, deny'd its Reſt,
Shall wiſh to wander out its Term ſo faſt,
Yet point me out that Day! and mark how well
I've learnt to ſuffer for *Heſione!* [torn? ——
Zim. Oh, Nature! —oh, ye Gods! —how am I
Tryphon, declare the Will of Heav'n, while I
Withdraw, and mourn their hapleſs Deſtiny. [*Going off.*
Omp. Now, by the Gods, if 'tis of ſo much weight,
I'll

I'll learn it from no Tongue but thine!

Zim. Know then——

(But arm your Hearts; for you have much t' endure)
Know, you can never meet in nuptial Joy!

Omp. Never!

Hef. Avert it Heav'n!

Omp. By all our Sufferance,
They are unequal Gods that tell thee this!

Zim. Rash Youth, beware! let me not hear the Revil'd in thy fantastic Passions! [Pow'rs
By their blest Mansions! by their awful Thunder!
If in the face of Heav'n thou fling'st thy Slanders,
Were thou the dearest Issue of these Loins,
I wou'd be first to practice Vengeance on thee!
——Unequal Gods!

Amm. Heavens! that these shou'd part!
This wou'd not be believ'd in *Athens*.

Try. Learn t'endure!——

[*To* Omphales: *who is fix'd in Astonishment, and in an Agony of Passion.*

Not urge his Wrath!—wast thou not in the Field,
When, at the Army's Head, an impious Foe
Traduc'd the Gods of *Greece*, while he, inrag'd,
Rush'd forth, and pierc'd the proud Blasphemer's Heart?

Omp. Never! oh, never! Not a distant Hope
To rest my Sorrows on! to turn away
Despair, and Frenzy, from my tortur'd Soul!

Hef. O think, my Father, think 'twas you who first,
Approving, blew the kindling Flame of Love!
Early you taught me to receive his Vows,
And form'd my tender Heart for him alone.
Why did you paint him Noble, Gen'rous, Brave,
Perfection all, as you wou'd have describ'd
Some Offspring of the Gods? why all this Care
To train me up to Sorrow? rather why
Distant as Pole from Pole were we not plac'd;

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Or told 'twas Death to gaze? O, yet recall,
Recall thy Words, and save us from Despair!
Zim. Daughter, trust Heaven with your Happiness!
You'll find the Gods are just.
Omp. Wou'd Man was so!
[*Recovering from his Astonishment.*
Now, by our glorious House! by the great Names,
And happy Souls of my brave Ancestors,
This matter wears a Face of Treachery!
'Tis all Deceit! an impious Artifice!
A studied Plot! a poor Conspiracy
T'illude my Hopes, evade the promis'd Rites,
And cheat me of my Love! by Heav'ns, no more!
Zim. Know, when thou wou'dst be busy with my Honour,
Thou aim'st at what e'en Envy cannot reach!
Omp. Say, hast thou found a Youth who loves her more?
If so, best prove him, and it shall be found,
Who dares deserve her most! or haply Avarice,
The Curse, and cold Disease of Age, has seiz'd thee,
And it repents thee of the proffer'd Dow'r:
Take then thy Offrings back, and with 'em all
E'er Fortune gave me——Oh, *Hefione!*
We cannot pay too dear for one another!
Banish me to some desart Isle remote,
Where Int'rest, or Ambition never led
Inquiring Man, where yet no Path is worn;
But all things rude as at the Birth of Nature:
Contented there with her cou'd I sit down,
There build the Nuptial Bed, wear out Life's Date,
And in those Arms forget there is a World!
Hes. But, oh, to live divided!
Omp. 'Tis a Thought
My Nature starts at, and my Mind rejects,
As something Monstrous, and Impossible!
Amm. Compose thy Sorrows: Yet she shall be thine
[*Apart to* Omp.

Omp. O, *Ammon*, *Ammon*, I grow wild with Thought!
As soon thou may'st reclaim the angry North,
When in his Rage he bows the stubborn Forest.
She's mine! She's justly mine! My lawful Claim!
By Love, by Suff'rance, and by Contract mine!
And now to give her up! tamely to part!
Let me be branded with a baser Name
Than Calumny has found, when that can happen!
Whatever desp'rate Man wou'd tear her from me,
Shall win her thus!——

[*Here*, *attempting to draw*, Hes. *obstructs his Hand.*

Hes. Hah! whither art thou hurry'd?
Forbear this Violence! raise not thy Arm
Against that sacred Head!——

Omp. 'Twas impious!——
But thou hast chasten'd me——behold me now
Calm, and Repentance all!——O, thou hast Pow'r,
E'en with a Look to charm the wildest Frenzy!
There dwells a wond'rous Magic in those Beauties,
Which, even as the Voice of Harmony,
Comes o'er the Soul, and all is strait compos'd!
Thus lowly let us bend, and to his Heart
Send forth the moving Pray'er of Misery.

[*Kneeling with* Hesione.

Zim. No more! I must not, dare not hear you more!
Tryphon, instruct the Priests, that they prepare
A Sacrifice. I'll to the Altar strait,
And thank the Pow'rs, who deign to guide our Actions.

[*Exit* Try.

Hes. Yet think, my Father, think how much I owe
That wond'rous Youth!

Zim. Arise, *Hesione!*
Thou know'st me tender as thy Soul shou'd wish:
Thou know'st me too, when Heav'n, and Duty calls,
Rigid as Death!—Thy Mother was a *Spartan*,
And wou'd have dyed, e'er she had own'd this soft-

No more of it, if thou would'ſt hold my Love! [*They*
'Tis thro' the beſt Compaſſion of my Soul, *riſe.*
That I refuſe to grant, what Heav'n forbids.
Omp. O barbarous Mercy of miſtaken Zeal!
How dreadful are thoſe blind Enthuſiaſts,
Who wound in Mercy, and torment, to ſave?
I'm loſt for ever! Famine, Exile, Chains
Have none ſo deeply wretched!
Zim. Let us hence! [*To* Heſione.
I can allow no farther Conference.
Heſ. Hear me, *Omphales*, hear me, e'er we part!
[Haply no more my Voice may reach your Ears]
When we are baniſh'd far from one another,
And thy poor Heart is breaking with its Sorrows,
Call to thy Mind the ſolemn Vow I made,
When, once converſing in the Myrtle Bower,
We talk'd of Separation, then in Joy,
And ſporting, as it were, with Miſery.
Be that thy Comfort in the Hour of Mourning!
Omp. Whene'er 'tis ſaid, *Omphales* loves thee leſs;
Mourns not thy Abſence like a faithful Wretch;
Gives reſpite to Affliction; or receives
Comfort from ought but thee: When this thou'rt told,
Conclude Diſtraction has been buſy here,
And I'm no more *Omphales!*
Heſ. Thou art true!
Omp. We both are true!
Heſ. *Omphales* will not reſt;
Nor think of Peace without me!—Oh, farewel!
Omp. Farewel! and with thee all our Happineſs;
[*Exeunt* Zim. *and* Heſ.

Manent Omp. *and* Ammon.

She gone! And never to return to me!
Hide thee, *Omphales*, hide thee from thy ſelf,
Nor dare inquire how wretched thou art grown.
Amm. I've found a Stratagem ſhall make her thine.
Yet thou ſhalt hope! Thy *Ammon* bids thee hope.

Omp. Oh, *Ammon*, I am curs'd beyond all Hope!
Lead me to ſome yet unfrequented Shade,
Which Nature in deſpight of Joy has made;
The melancholy Manſion of Deſpair,
Gloomy, and horrid as the Fate I bear;
Where hollow Winds, where Springs invite to mourn,
And Echoes ſadly every Sigh return:
There I'll grow wild thro' the Exceſs of Grief,
And in Diſtraction only find Relief! [*Exeunt.*

End of the Second ACT.

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The

The Fatal Conſtancy.

ACT III.

Enter AMMON.

O *Mphales!* hovering ſtill about this Place, [*Diſcovering his Approach.*
And ling'ring in his Task! —'tis not ſo well.
I thought e'er this he had reach'd the Gates of *Athens*.

Enter Omphales.

Omp. Am I on Earth? Or have the Gods receiv'd
A Summons, *Ammon*, welcome as the Voice [me?
Which whiſpers Liberty to Dungeon Slaves;
Pleaſing as Dreams of Health to the Diſeas'd;
Or Hope to the deſpairing Penitent;
Th' indulgent Maid haſtes to the conſcious Bow'r,
The former Scene of more ſucceſsful Love;
Thither invites me to a laſt Farewel!
But when again I find her downy Boſom,
Shall I forgo the happy, lov'd Retreat?
Return content that we have mourn'd our Fate?—
No!——'tis reſolv'd!——

Amm. All's ruin'd if they meet! [*Aſide.*

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Omp. Exile with her, or for her Death is pleaſing!
[*Going off.*

Amm. No! You depart not thus! [*Detaining him.*

Omp. Delay me not!

Amm. A moment!

Omp. Moments are too precious now!——
This is too much!——

Amm. By the dear Name of Friend!

Omp. My Friend! And hold me from *Heſione!*
Away!——By Heav'ns, I can endure no more!

Amm. By Heav'ns, I muſt detain thee! hear me
You cannot meet! [ſpeak!

Omp. Hah!—cannot:—by the Gods!
If any Tongue but thine had ſpoke theſe Words,
I wou'd have call'd it falſe!

Amm. Thou art too warm!
What I relate, I tell thee from her Mouth,
And learnt e'en now to ſave thee! Is it thus
Omphales pays my Care? Am I thrown off,
Spurn'd with Contempt, caſt, like a fawning Slave,
From him, whoſe Wrongs I've labour'd to redreſs?
Whoſe Sorrows are my own?—Why then no more:
But haſten to Deſtruction!

Omp. Oh my Friend!
Forgive me! I'm become a froward Wretch!
Wearied beyond the Pow'r of Patience!——
Say, whence this ſudden Change?

Amm. Her jealous Father
Has torn the Secret of your Meeting from her:
And ſince, before the Altar he has ſworn,
If e'er again you're found within theſe Walls,
To treat you as a common Enemy!
A Robber; or a *Perſian*!

Omp. Miſtaken Man!——
Oh, how unequal is the State of Lovers?
A Moment's Hope elates us to the Clouds;
And in a Moment more ſome ſudden Fear,
Some Diſappointment pulls us down again
Lower than Envy's ſelf cou'd wiſh to place us.

— But tell me, *Ammon*, tell me from thy Soul,
How does she bear our Separation?
Amm. You cannot doubt her?
Omp. That were impious!
Amm. Nor shall you fear th' Extremity of Grief.
Yet justly she bemoans her absent Mate.
Remote she sat; her Words were few and forc'd;
Her Eyes still fix'd; her Posture still the same.
Down either Cheek a Tear had made its Way,
Two more stood ripe, and ready to pursue 'em;
And had not Sighs inform'd me she cou'd breathe,
She'ad seem'd the Image of despairing Beauty.
Not *Venus* look'd more lovely in her Sorrow,
When she beheld the Youth *Adonis* slain!
Yet she might raise her Head to speak of you!
Omph. By Heav'ns, I see her! —— Oh, my tortur'd Soul! ——
So truly do I love her Happiness,
I almost wish she might forget me now!
Yet all my Comfort is —— that cannot be!
Oh, *Ammon*, if thy Breast hath ever heav'd
For Sorrows not thy own; if yet thy Heart
Hath prov'd the anxious Pain of hopeless Love,
Thou now must feel for an unhappy Friend!
Amm. I'm not to learn Love's Pangs —— there was a time!
Omp. And cou'dst thou truly love? and do'st thou live
To tell it, as an idle Dream that's past?
Amm. Thou art, indeed, a Lover!
Omp. I am true:
Nor blush to own it —— Oh, *Hesione*!
The Pain I feel, instructs me what you suffer!
I fear! I fear! for you are all compos'd
Of Tenderness! —— O *Ammon*, tell me all!
Decieve me not! speak all her Sorrow out!
The worst unfold! her very Words impart!
Hide her not from me!

Amm.

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Amm. O, she utter'd all
That Love in Pain, and Absence might conceive:
Oft o'er, and o'er again she told her Passion;
For Love, tho' in a thousand Modes it speaks,
Says but one thing: the varied Eloquence
Of Lovers means no more than that they Love.
'Midst other things, she joy'd you had receiv'd
What I propos'd; for I had told her all.

Omp. And she approv'd it?

Amm. Wish'd it were begun!
Urg'd its Performance! and my Fancy errs,
Or she preferr'd it in her parting Words
To thee! even here!—— "*Ompbales* will not rest,
"Nor think of Peace without me!

Omp. Now, by Heav'ns ——
Such were her Words!

Amm. And in the instant chang'd
Her Sorrow into Frowns, as she had meant ——
There's need of Violence! ——— mark'd you not that?

Omp. *Ammon*, as there are Gods in yon bright Heav'n!
I will not rest! I will not think of Peace,
Till I accomplish all! I've linger'd here too long.
Farewel! be ready to perform thy Charge.
The beauteous Prize already chides my Sloth,
Stands at the Goal, and beckons me away.

[*Exit* Omp.

Amm. Farewel, my Friend! if e'er we meet again,
And meet as Foes, I meet but with a Man.

Enter Tryphon *to* Ammon.

Tryphon! —— let me embrace thee! thou'rt, indeed,
A Match for this good Age! I read Success
And Triumph in thy Face ——— what wou'dst thou say?

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Hast thou propos'd it? will he call me Son?
Tell me, my Oracle! for on thy Words
My Destiny depends.

Try. Hope, *Ammon*, hope!
All shall be well!

Amm. He has consented then?

Try. Not absolutely given his Consent;
Nor have I grossly put him to the Test;
But only by Insinuations
Have yet obliquely touch'd upon the Subject;
Observing how he might be wrought upon;
How far we might proceed with Confidence.
As thus!—— supposing you had lov'd his Daughter!
That Providence had thrown you in her way!
—— I gag'd him so—— he answers in a Sigh,
And wish'd some Pow'r might guide him to her Good.

Amm. Excellent *Tryphon*! —— we must lose no time:
While warm, he'll best be form'd to our Intent.

Try. Fear not! I left him at the Sacrifice:
Soon as 'tis ended, he appointed me
To meet him here; then will I press it home,
And in such Terms as shall not fail to move.

Amm. A Doubt yet haunts my Mind—— *Hesione*,
She bears her Disappointment heavily,
And may be violent.

Try. Her Father's Will
Is sacred to her as the Law of Heaven!
How is she fam'd for her Obedience?
I look not on her as on one consenting:
But, trust me, *Ammon*, many a stubborn Maid
Softens like Wax in the Embracer's Hold,
And yields to strange Impressions in his Arms.

Amm. O, let me feel the mourning Beauty there!
I'll kiss away her Tears, suppress her Sighs,
Warm her, and find the Passage to her Heart;

While,

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While, like a Flow'r reviving in the Sun,
She shall look up, and bless her Comforter!
Joy, like the Light, shall break thro' all her Sorrow,
Chear her sad Heart, and drive *Omphales* thence!

Try. First he must hence! 'tis he whom we shou'd fear!
'Tis him we shou'd suspect of Violence!
Secure him instantly! — I've had a Thought —
Suppose him Dead! it shall be after told,
And with a shew of Reason, that Despair
Drew his own Sword against him.

Amm. 'Tis too late:
My Care already has diverted him.
I took him in the height of Disappointment;
Acted the Friend; discours'd his Injuries o'er;
Told him I felt 'em all, and thus advis'd him.
Get thee to *Athens*; to the noble Youth,
Thy Friends, and Partners of the sacred Band,
The Band which by a solemn League are bound,
To succour and redress each others Wrongs.
Tell 'em how *Zimon* has dishonour'd thee;
Conjure 'em, to assist thee in thy Right;
Select a resolute and a faithful Few;
Secure 'em in the Covert of yon Grove,
Till, at my promis'd Signal, they rush in
Impetuous, and bear away the Maid.
Blinded with Love, he embrac'd the Enterprize,
And to confirm his Resolution,
I told him that *Hesione* approv'd it.

Try. But how hast thou secur'd him from Success?

Amm. Know, it is thus contriv'd! this very Hour
A Paper will be found before the Senate,
Declaring the whole Purpose of *Omphales*;
Their very Place of Consultation.
Imagine the Result of this Attempt!

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Can

Can ſuch a Violence againſt this Houſe
Be known, and proſper? at a Juncture too
When *Athens* muſt implore her Gen'ral's Aid?
Try. True! Valour's ever courted in Diſtreſs.
Amm. Nay, more! our Law makes inſtant Baniſhment
The Meed of ſuch Offenders.
Try. Yet whene'er again
Thy Friend grows dang'rous, ſee him in his Tomb!
So is he well ſecur'd! the Maxim's good:
A ſanguine Politician taught it me.
It might have ſav'd thee too from Calumny.
How will the rigid Votaries of Juſtice
Exclaim againſt thee, ſhou'd it e'er be known,
How you've deceiv'd this Friend? this Intimate?
Amm. Out on the ſubtile Herd! let me ſucceed,
And thou ſhalt find 'em loudeſt in my Praiſe:
The Fortunate were never in the wrong.
Inveſt me once in *Zimon*'s large Poſſeſſions,
My Faults ſhall die, and Flatt'ry will not fail
To picture Virtues for me.
Try. Let, at leaſt,
The Name of Friend be loſt! contrive ſome Slight
Of which thou may'ſt accuſe him.
Amm. Be it ſo!
Try. 'Twill ſet ſome Gloſs upon this Action.
—— Tho' if I fail not in my Stratagem,
Zimon ſhall even court thee to thy Wiſh.
Amm. Succeed what will ſucceed! —— I'm well reſolv'd!
Tho' Poor, I'm Proud; and cannot ſuffer Scorn;
Have Appetites, and want the Means to feed 'em.
Courage, Extravagance and Luxury
Was all th' Inheritance my Father left me,
My Pride is my fond Mother's Legacy:
My young *Hippolitus*! ſhe oft wou'd cry,
My little *Theſeus*! thou art nobly born!
Sprung

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Sprung from a Race of Heroes, and of Gods!
——— Then in the Streets of *Athens* thus they have it ———
Behold the Orphan! *Zimon*'s Penſioner!——
How is that Houſe decay'd!——By Heav'ns, a Dog
Wou'd bluſh, and turn to be ſo pointed at!

Try. No more of this! the happy Change is near!
Learn to forget thy ſelf, and thy old Friends.
Henceforth thou ſhalt be reckon'd with the Firſt;
At Feaſts, and Games be plac'd next *Zimon*'s ſelf;
Shine in the *Tyrian* Dye; be gaz'd upon;
Envy'd by many, yet careſs'd by all.
The time draws on——thou haſt a Part to act
In my Deſign, which now thou art to learn.

Amm. But ſee! the Object of my Wiſh appears!
And, like *Aurora* wrapt in ſullen Clouds,
Advances mourning. Yet ſo ripe ſhe ſeems!
Her Charms ſo ready! ſo compos'd for Love!

Try. Let us not now be found in Conference!
I wou'd retire.

Amm. To yonder Portico——
I will but gaze awhile, and follow thee. [*Exit* Try.

Enter Heſione *to* Ammon.

Hef. It muſt be ſo! the Meſſage which I ſent
Has either miſinform'd him of the Place;
Or thro' ſome Treach'ry never reach'd his Ears.
Hah! *Ammon* here!—he haply may inform me.

Amm. If 'tis the loſt *Omphales* whom you ſeek,
The Man whoſe Fate I once ſincerely mourn'd,
In vain you ask him of his old Companion.
Inrag'd, impatient he departed hence,
Loud againſt me, 'gainſt Heaven, and his Fate.
And, when I wou'd have been a Comfort to him,
He ſpurn'd me off; and bid me fawn no more!

Hef. Forget it, *Ammon*; much he has endur'd,

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And, like a wayward Infant, ſhou'd be ſooth'd,
And ſoften'd into Temper. Thou'rt ſincere,
And earneſt, and too apt to think thou'rt wrong'd.
Amm. Thou art ſincere, and earneſt, and too apt
To think thou'rt——*Hef.* What? *Amm.* Belov'd!
Hef. I take thee not.
Amm. He ſwore that you, and all your Sex were falſe;
That he had been at ſome appointed Place——
I know not where—— but that you had contriv'd
T' abuſe his Patience, and inſult his Love.
Hef. Unhappy Youth! his Troubles are too great,
And Reaſon fails beneath the weight of Sorrow:
For he himſelf cou'd never call me Falſe,
Ne'er doubt my Truth! his is a gen'rous Soul,
Noble, and glorious as the Form he wears!
Love, and Suſpicion dwell not there together.
You too forgive him, *Ammon*; 'tis too much
In one ſad Day to loſe his Friend, and me:
Nor wonder, you was treated with Diſdain,
When I might not be ſpar'd.
Amm. This his return——
Of Friendſhip?—thus I blow ſuch Friends away!
Hef. Thou'rt loſt with eaſe.
Amm. I am not won ſo ſoon!——
My Soul abhors the leaſt Ingratitude!

[*Exit* Ammon.

Hef. Omphales Breaſt is Stranger to ſuch Baſeneſs!
When Nature form'd him, ſhe forgot 'twas Man,
And made him up of Virtues!——this his Friend?
The boaſted, happy Sharer of his Heart?
My Mind informs me wrong, or he's deceiv'd.
This looks like Treach'ry——ſomething I cou'd dread!
But what, alas! have Wretches left to fear?——
Yes! to another's Arms I may be forc'd:
But then I know my Vow, and will prepare.
Oh my *Omphale!* whither art thou fled
From the lov'd Haven where thy Soul might reſt!

Like

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Like some poor Turtle widow'd of her Love,
Anxious, I sought the long thro' every Grove:
But oh! the restless, fond Pursuit is vain,
Pensive, I find my sad Retreat again,
Brood o'er my Care, and murmur out my Pain.

[*Exit.*

End of the Third Act.

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The Fatal Conſtancy.

ACT IV.

AMMON, and *TRYPHON*.

AMMON.

NOR yet the Rites of Sacrifice are paſt.
I ſcent the Fat of Oxen from the Altar,
And ſnuff the Cenſer's fragrant Offering.
Try. At length it ends. Behold the ſinking Flame:
Zimon advances, and the buſy Prieſts
Croud to divide their ſavoury Perquiſites.
He comes in haſte to meet me: now's our time!
Retire, and wait the Opportunity.
Amm. Now *Mercury* inſpire thee! [Amm. *abſconds.*
Try. Peace! he's here.

Enter Zimon *to* Tryphon.

Zim. How am I bleſt, to have been born in *Greece*,
Where every Pow'r is found with Sacrifice,
And ev'ry Action guided from above?
And now my Gratitude is paid to Heav'n,
To thee, the Inſtrument thro' whom the Gods

Convey

Convey their Wills, thou second Cause of Good,
Tryphon, to thee I bow, and thus I thank thee——
[*Embracing him.*
Nor, trust me, sacred Prophet, shou'd I blush
E'en in our *Forum*, in the Face of *Athens*,
To bend more lowly to those reverend Seers,
The Gods distinguish thus— [*Offering to kneel to him.*
Try. Alas, my Lord! [*Obstructing him.*
The best of us are Men, and frail ones too!
Zim. How shall I pay thy Care?
Try. If other End,
Beside the secret Joy of doing Good,
Its Authors have propos'd; I'm Stranger to it.
Wou'dst thou o'erpay what I've already done?——
Let me do more!——I speak in a just Cause,
And will be bold! my Duty makes me bold!
Know, all is yet not right within thy Walls!
This House is threaten'd with impending Dangers!
The Wound is cover'd o'er; but yet not cur'd!
—Be strictly on thy Guard!
Zim. Explain thy self!
Try. Look to thy Daughter!
Zim. Hah!
Try. Observe her well!
Is she obedient in this time of Tryal?
Does *Zimon*, or *Omphales* rule the Maid?
If I presage aright, some Violence
Against the Will of Heav'n is now conspir'd.
Zim. What's to be done?
Try. Best marry her.
Zim. To whom? [her,
Try. 'Twere Mercy, tho' a shackled Slave possess'd
To save her from *Omphales!* marry her!
Secure her from her self, and suddenly!
'Twill ease thy loaded Heart of every Care,
And so thou shalt sit down again in Peace,
And thank the Gods, thou'st done a Parent's Duty.
Zim. Some Pow'r direct me!

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Try. Fix thy Choice on one
Whom Heav'n shall seem to point at, tho' he's found
As poor as Merit, and as much forsaken.
Be Heaven still the Guide of all thy Actions,
The fix'd, and certain Star, by whose sure Light
Thou safely may'st direct thy doubtful Course.
——Say, hast thou treasur'd in thy Memory
What was reveal'd last Night?——observe it well!
And so thou can'st not err.

Zim. Heav'n best can tell,
I wou'd not err!—renew it to my Mind

Try. Hear, and attend! thus spoke th' immortal Voice!

The longing Youth, and sighing Maid
For whom these sacred Rites are paid,
The Storms of adverse Fate shall prove,
Whene'er they meet in Nuptial Love.
Seek, near the Maid, a noble Youth,
In Treasure less; but more in Truth;
Who loves; yet will'd conceal his Pain:
The Gods for him the Maid ordain!

Zim. Seek near the Maid!—near her—haply in Blood!
Let me reflect!——amongst our great Allies,
Think'st thou *Ioysander* worthy of her Love?
Or rather *Mentheus*?——

Try. Guard her from his Arms!
An Unbeliever! nurs'd in the loose Schools
Of *Epicurus!*——thou may'st recollect,
Before the Sacrifice I gave some Hints
Towards one I thought intended for thy Choice.

Zim. I think thou did'st, and thou did'st speak of *Ammon*?

Try. *Ammon* it was—and might I judge in this,
Ammon shou'd call thee Father——'tis a Thought
Has often forc'd itself upon my Mind,
Intruding on my Meditations;
And, when I most have strove to bury it,

It ſtill wou'd riſe, and haunt my Memory:
And moſt of late. I am not credulous;
Nor yet eſteem it lawful, to reſiſt
The Hints of Heav'n, howe'er obſcure at firſt
And faint in their Beginning; ſo reſolv'd
To give it to Reflection, as I ſat
Retir'd, and muſing in my hallow'd Seat,
The ſacred Place for Divination choſe,
Where oft the wond'rous, and reſiſtleſs Pow'r
Reviſits, and informs my labouring Breaſt.
There, while I thought, thus it occurr'd to me!——
'Midſt all the Bleſſings Heaven has granted *Zimon*
A Son has been deny'd his fervent Pray'rs,
A Son, to follow in his track of Glory;
To pay juſt Honours to his ſacred Tomb;
And, by a noble, and illuſtrious Race,
Tranſmit his Name e'en to the laſt of Time:
But when he's ſummon'd hence, a Female Hand
Muſt glad ſome Stranger's Houſe with his Poſſeſſions.
Zim. Nor have I murmur'd yet!——
Try. Thus thought I, penſive.
When, lo! a ſecret Impulſe from within
Made ſilent Anſwer——then have *Zimon*'s Pray'rs,
His Gifts, his Off'rings no regard in Heaven?
Or ſees he not the Son the Gods provide?
E'en him he feeds? the Son who wants a Sire?
The Son whoſe Father *Zimon* wants?
Zim. My Friend!
The faithful *Cleon!*
Try. E'en that very Friend!
The ſame who, in the moment of thy Danger,
Advanc'd 'twixt thee, and Death, and in his Heart
(His honeſt Heart) receiv'd the fatal Weapon.
Zim. While there is Warmth, and feeling in this Breaſt,
That Action claims the nobleſt of its Sorrows!
Try. I've heard too, that, expiring in your Arms,
His Son he recommended to your Care,
And in theſe Words breath'd out his gen'rous Spirit.

" As thou art more, or less a Father to him,
" So lives the Name, and Honour of thy House!
Construe it thus——his Name shall be forgot;
But thine shall live, and be maintain'd in him.
There's more than Sound! a Meaning in his Words!
Prophetic Strength!——the Souls of dying Men,
Breaking from Nature, feel Perfection near,
And, as Immortals, can look into Fate.
Let us not slight these Hints! thou wou'dst not err!

Zim. Whene'er I do, my Heart intends it not!

Try. Add then to these what Heav'n has now reveal'd!
Methinks, the Words direct us to the Man.

Seek near the Maid [observe] *a noble Youth,*
In Treasure less——[Mark that]——*but more in Truth;*
Who Loves, yet wou'd conceal his Pain?

Zim. Who Loves!——

Try. I have observ'd his Looks of late,
Watch'd every motion of his Eyes, which still
I've found attracted to the lovely Maid.

Zim. The Eyes are faithful Ministers in Love,
And ill disguise the Purpose of the Soul.
If thou might'st prove him ta'en in Beauty's Toyls——

Try. Lo, where he comes! with weight upon his Brow.

Zim. And seems to hold a Conference with himself.

Try. Haply his Words may lead us to the Truth:
'Tis the Delight of Lovers to retire,
And tell their darling Sorrow to the Winds,
Here let us stand, and listen to his Talk. [*They Abscond.*

Enter Ammon.

O, for a Heart of true *Camelion* Temper,
To change, and turn, and shift to all Complexions!
Then might *Omphales* hence! then might I tell
What labours here, and beats for Utterance!
——Yet shall I hide from *Zimon* ought? from him
Thro' whom I breathe? ought of this Nature too?

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—Yet ſure 'tis vain! a Child of buſy Fancy!
Or ſome deluſive *Dæmon* haunts my Slumbers!
—But then again 'tis pow'rful in my Soul,
And ſomething like a Duty bids me on.
Oh, I'm all War within!—ſome Pow'r direct me!—
[*Seems going off.*

[Zimon, *and* Tryphon *appear again.*]

Zim. Ammon?
Amm. My Patron!
Zim. I conjure thee, ſtay———
If yet thou hold'ſt thy Father's Memory dear;
If *Zimon* merits ought of Friendſhip from thee,
Unfold thy ſelf!—what haſt thou ſeen, or heard
To ſhake thee thus? whence is it, I demand,
Thou'rt haunted by thy ſelf? I charge thee, ſpeak!
Tell this ſtrange Secret, which ſo fears the Air,
Yet ſtruggles to be known!
Amm. What means my Patron?
Zim. No more Evaſions, *Ammon!* 'tis too late:
I overheard thee——doſt thou fear to truſt me?
Now by the ſacred Guardians of my Houſe!
By my good Sword, and Fame, I'll do it Right!
Whate'er it be, it meets with Juſtice here!
Amm. 'Twas but a Dream!
Try. Remember, *Ammon*, Dreams
Are ſacred Things; for Dreams deſcend from *Jove.*
Amm. Forbid it, Heav'n, I ſhou'd reſiſt thy Will!
Zim. And thou conceal'ſt it yet.
Amm. Why then, my Lord,
I will be bold, and open all my Soul!
—But firſt reſolve me this! thus on my Knees
I beg, thou wilt reſolve me from thy Heart;
For it concerns my Peace—haſt thou decreed,
Art thou irrevocably fix'd to hold
Thy Daughter from my Friend?
Try. Obſerve you that? [*Apart to* Zim.

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Zim.

Zim. Art thou to learn me yet? when am I found
Irresolute, and wav'ring in my Duty?
Tho' to those Eyes she's dearer than the Light,
Whene'er he meets her in the Nuptial Bed,
May Nature err! and Monsters be their Offspring!

Anum. It is enough! and witness now ye Pow'rs, [*Rises.*
By whose dread Names *Omphales* seal'd our Friendship!
Witness! I've now been faithful to the Man
Who scorns his sacred Vow!—no more! I'm free!
And thus with Honour may unfold my self.
—Know then, my Patron, even at that time
When first your Daughter's Nuptials were deferr'd,
In the last hour of Night, when all was hush'd,
And Sleep had shed its kindly Influence on me,
Hesione appears to grace my Slumbers.
Not as she's wont by Day: but unattir'd,
Unbound, and wild her Hair, her Garments flowing,
And loosen'd all as for the Nuptial Bed.
A while she gaz'd upon me, and in Smiles,
Such as assenting Deities bestow,
Seem'd to perswade me, that her Heart was mine.
Ambitious Dream! but mark the heavy Change!
For from that time, e'en from that very Hour,
Forgive me, if I say, I lov'd her more
Than Health, or Life, or all that Heav'n can give!

Try. Have I presag'd aright?

Zim. O, thou unerring Seer!

Anum. Yet less than Honour! for I told my Heart
She was my Friend's, and strove to humble it.
This past, and day by day I grew in Fondness!
At length the second, solemn Tryal came;
Heav'n still averse! the Rites again deferr'd!
This, I confess, alarm'd me! now the Pow'rs,
And Precedents of Visions I besought
With due Libations, Pray'r, and Sacrifice,
That, if not false, my Dream might be renew'd
With clearer Evidence: when, lo! again
I met her in my Slumbers; met him too

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Whom

Whom I wou'd call my Friend, the loſt *Omphales*.
In vain, methought, he ſtrove to hold the Maid,
While like ſome *Nymph* of *Dian*'s nimble Train,
Thro' fancy'd Ways, o'er Hills, and flow'ry Plains
Swiftly ſhe fled from his deſiring Arms;
And with a gentle Waſture of her Hand
Bid me purſue——and then laſt Night again——
But thou art ſick already of my Tale!

Zim. If thou in ought regard'ſt or Heav'n, or me,
I charge thee, on!

Amm. Then thus in brief!——laſt Night
Deck'd in her Marriage Garment ſhe appear'd.
The *Hymeneal* Pomp; the Nuptial Brands,
Attending Virgins, and rejoycing Friends
Were all around: and, ſtrange! I there beheld,
[As Death's cold Hand had ne'er obſtructed her]
Her Mother!——who in Smiles——

Zim. Be brief in that?

Amm. Why then no more than this! to *Ammon*'s Arms
You gave *Heſione*, and we were happy.

Zim. Then happy may'ſt thou be!

Try. Art thou convinc'd?

Zim. O, ye immortal Pow'rs!

Try. What Proofs are here?
O *Zimon*, thou art favour'd of the Gods!

Amm. Surely again I dream! and this is yet
Another pleaſing Viſion!

Zim. No, thou wak'ſt
To Joy! to *Hymen!* to *Heſione!*

Amm. Shall the poor Orphan *Ammon* be ſo rais'd?

Zim. Think in whoſe Cauſe thou did'ſt become an [Orphan!
For me you loſt a Father, and in me
Moſt right it is, that you ſhou'd find a Father.
And thus, ye Pow'rs, you manifeſt your Juſtice!

Try. Thy Piety is regiſter'd Above!

Zim. O *Tryphon*, I have been an Age in Debt!
I bluſh, with Shame I bluſh, when I reflect
How poor in Gratitude, how ſlow I've been

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In

In my Returns of Love to *Cleon*'s Offspring!

Amm. My Father's Action was its own Reward:
For well he knew, when he preserv'd thy Life,
In thee he sav'd our State, and dy'd for *Athens*.

Zim. Oh, *Athens* felt his Fall! —— he was a Man! ——

—— *Tryphon*, betake thee to the holy Place!
There let the Priests adorn a sacred Altar;
With Garlands see it dress'd of genial Flow'rs;
Spread on it all the Fragrance of the East,
Each costly Spice, each Gum *Arabia* yields,
That on-th' aspiring Sweets their nuptial Vows
May mount aloft, and be receiv'd in Heav'n!

[*Exit* Tryphon.

Amm. O, may I live but to deserve this Blessing!

Zim. We'll to *Hesione*; and she shall learn
What I've resolv'd, and listen to thy Vows.
—— I might be tedious in my Daughter's Praise;
But thou hast known her long: When I give her,
I give thee all the Virtues of her Sex!
In Errors lost unguided Mortals stray;
But here the Gods direct us in our Way!

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

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The Fatal Conſtancy.

ACT V.

HESIONE ſola.

UNFOLD, O Death, thy hoſpitable Arms!
The Wretched court, the Happy fear thy Pow'r:
Yet thou art Juſt! for tho' thou ſteal'ſt away
Our little Joy, thou haſt our Sorrow too,
And Fear, and Hope are both forgot in thee!
Thou'rt Cold: But thou art Quiet!—oh! I long
For the ſtill Tomb, that I may think no more!
——No dawn of Hope appears! the Danger's near!
I'm driven to the Brink, and now muſt fall!
Scarce have I time to ſee my Vow perform'd,
So faſt the gath'ring Tempeſt gains upon me.

Enter Ammon [*as following her.*]

Amm. O, fly not thus in Scorn, thou wond'rous Maid!
O, turn!——O, anſwer me!

Hef. No more! away!
And leave to my Sorrow!

Amm. No! I'll on!

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And thou shalt hear me! Now's the time to show
Your Piety to Heav'n, and to your Sire:
Virtues for which, of all th' *Athenian* Daughters,
Hesione has ever most been fam'd.

Hes. Oh, *Ammon*, *Ammon*! thou hast torn asunder
The truest Pair that ever met in Love!

Amm. Blame the just Gods! tell the all-equal Pow'rs
That they have wrong'd thee!

Hes. Thou'rt the Injurer!
There's Treach'ry! Treachery! 'Tis manifest
To all, but him who shou'd discern it most.
My Father is abus'd! His gen'rous Breast
Glows with a thousand great, and glorious Virtues:
Thou know'st it well; for some of them have warm'd
Yet, thro' the single Error of his Soul, [thee!
His only Weakness, thou hast found a way
To ruin him, and all his Hopes for ever!

Amm. I love him, and he knows it: question him;
And he will tell thee I was won with Art,
To accept the Blessing Heav'n, and he design me.

Hes. That he is won by Art is now too plain!
Think on *Omphales* too! thy injur'd Friend!
Oh, he wou'd talk of thee, and of thy Truth,
Till even I grew Jealous of thy Pow'r,
And fear'd thy growing Empire in his Heart!
How often have I heard your Vows exchang'd,
When thou hast sworn, the Sun it self wou'd fade,
And Nature cease, whenever thou wert false?——
Cease Nature then! and fade ye conscious Beams!
For thou art false! *Omphales* is betray'd!

Amm. If e'er *Omphales* wore me at his Heart,
My Friendship taught him first to place me there:
And, as an instance of uncommon Faith,
Know, in my dear Regard to this *Omphales*,
[This no way injur'd; but unhappy Man]
I've labour'd long to hide my mighty Love;
With Pain conceal'd it: even as a Child,
Who fears the chiding of an angry Voice,

I've

I've held my Passion in!

Hes. No more of Love!
It loses on thy Tongue.

Amm. By Heav'ns, I love!
And thou shall prove it

[*Offering to embrace her, she rejects him.*]

Hes. Hence! Shall I receive
A foul, and grisly Satyr to that Heart,
Which one, resembling Heav'n, has earn'd with Truth,
Unwearied Patience, and an Age of Love?

Amm. O, let me sooth thee to thy Happiness!
I wou'd endeavour to deserve thy Smiles.
We'll live up to the height of fond Delight,
And every Joy that Art, or Nature yields,
Shall wait to catch the Moment of our Wishes.
Sorrow remote shall stand, and gloomy Care
Be known but by its Name. The *Persian* Queen
Far off shall hear thy State, and envy thee.

Hes. Think not to lure me with thy sensual Baits!
Tempt base and abject Minds! ——— Thou hast affirm'd
That thou dost love: What canst thou then for Love?
Canst thou endure an Age of fruitless Pain,
And yet another, and still greatly Love?
Tho' Exile, Want, Oppression stood before thee,
Wou'dst thou not faint, but still pursue thy Hope?
Say, canst thou this for Love? and can'st thou too,
When Hope is lost, in th' Hour of black Despair,
Give up the World, and for thy Love expire?

Amm. I'm none of *Plato*'s Lovers: but a Man!
Who court substantial Joy!——I tell thee, Fair!——

Hes. No more; but leave me: I wou'd be retir'd.

Amm. Behold! thy Father hastes to joyn our Hands.

Hes. I wou'd not meet him thus! It wounds my Heart
To vex his gen'rous Nature. I'll withdraw,
A Moment only, to compose my Thoughts:

Then all resign'd to the dread Will of Fate,
He'll find me at the Altar.

Amm. This is kind!
You now appear, indeed, like *Zimon*'s Daughter.
[*Exit* Hes.

Enter Zimon *to* Ammon.

Zim. How stands the Maid? Did she not leave thee now?

Amm. She did; and promises Obedience:
She'll met us in the holy Place.

Zim. 'Tis well!——
This Day will be a Day of publick Joy.
An Hecatombe must bleed, and Gods and Men
Shall banquet in these Walls! I've now dispers'd
My several Invitations all around.
And, in return for Heav'ns peculiar Grace,
This Day I yearly mean to solemnize.

Amm. Thou'rt ever Grateful!

Zim. Ammon, I am Just;
And glory that I am!

Amm. And pitying too:
For when you broke the Will of Heaven to her,
Preferr'd my Vows, and bid her Heart be mine,
How did you struggle to resist her Sorrows?
I saw you labour with a Father's Love,
While Duty and Compassion softly strove,
And wag'd a tender War within your Breast.

Zim. Yet you observ'd how I inforc'd it too?
How resolutely just I was?

Amm. I did.——

Zim. There's not a Soul o'er whom my Power extends,
Shall dare to spurn at Heaven!

Amm. Yet the Path
Which leads to Heaven's Will, is sometimes rough,
And difficult to tread.

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Zim. 'Tis true, her Task
Might in another tire Obedience out;
But I have train'd her up to Piety!——
O *Ammon*, slight not a fond Father's Praise!
But, trust me, she will answer all thy Hope.
Approach her not like one made proud by Pow'r,
Demanding Love in Frowns; but gently steal
The Maid's Affection: Tenderness, and Smiles
May win her to the hardest Parts of Duty.

Enter Tryphon.

Try. O *Zimon*, *Zimon!* now thou art indeed,
The last of wretched Men! *Amm.* What's this? *Zim.* The Cause?
Declare it! I'm prepar'd for all Events!
Try. Thy Daughter——
Zim. } Hah!
Amm. }
Try. The rash *Hesione*,
As now the Priests prepar'd the holy Place,
With an impatient Fury in her Looks
Approach'd the Altar, where upon her Knees
Thrice she invok'd *Omphales*, and the Gods;
Then drinking deep of that most deadly Bane
Against whose Force no Antidote prevails,
Ye Pow'rs, she cry'd, behold my Vow discharg'd!
Zim. Forbid it, Heav'n!
Try. She raves, now calls on Death!
Now on *Omphales*!
Amm. Then no Life for me!
My hopes are lost!
Zim. Oh, impious Violence!
Amm. I promis'd this good Sword to ease my Heart
Whene'er I knew Despair! I've breath'd thus long
But in the Expectation of to-day.
Let Cowards live in Pain! I'm not so brave!

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Zim. E'en in Contempt of Heaven's Clemency
To cast her Being off!
Amm. Nay, think not Heav'n—
Try. Where tends thy Rage? [*Apart to* Amm.
Amm. Away! Thou canst no more!
Try. Hear me! This Disappointment hurts thy Brain!
Zim. Where have I err'd, that Heaven in its Wrath
Shou'd cast this Weight upon my weary Age?
Amm. Live? to become the Figure of Decay?
[*Breaking from* Try.
To stalk, like a repining, meagre Ghost,
About th' *Athenian* Streets? Feeding the Pride,
And Insolence of Fortune's pamper'd Fools?
Rather Obscurity, and endless Sleep!
A Sleep which Fate's severest Storms defyes!
Against whose pow'rful Charm the thousand Tongues
Of Scorn, Reproach, and Envy hiss in vain!
Zim. Nor let me murmur yet! The Gods far off
Beheld this Storm, and suffer'd it to fall!
Try. Is this the Resolution of a Man?
[*Apart to* Amm.
Insects, the Creatures of a Summer's Heat,
Who live but in the Bounty of the Sun,
And in the Season of Inclemency
Seek Death in Holes, make such an End as this!
Amm. I'll treat thee as a fordid Instrument,
Made for some base Design, which, being us'd,
With loathing, and contempt is cast away.
Zim. Yet 'tis a Parent's Duty to receive
Her last, sad Words, and close her Eyes in Death!
[*Going off, is detain'd by* Amm.
Amm. Patron! I owe thee for some Favours past—
Beware of this thy evil Counsellor!
Wou'dst thou believe, that hoary, reverend Man,
Who smiles like Innocence, and talks of Heav'n,
Thy Action's Guide, the Partner of thy Heart
Has wrong'd thee? been the Author of these Ills?

Suffer'd a Bribe? and trifled with the Gods,
To rob thee of thy Daughter, and thy Fortunes?
In Combination too with that same Orphan
Whom thou hast cherish'd from his Infancy?
I say, wou'dst thou believe it?
Zim. Hah!—— believe it!
Try. Madness! the Rage of disappointed Love!
Anum. Credit a Man, devoted to Despair!
A Man, who builds not on to-morrow's Hopes!
But hates the Light, and longs to be no more!
Zim. Tryphon, if it be found thou hast practis'd on me!
If of their Hopes thou hast wrong'd this faithful Pair!
'Twere better—nay, by Heav'ns thou shalt be prov'd!
[*Threatening him.*
If thou return'st, like Gold from out the Fire,
Purg'd, and refin'd, and brighten'd from the Tryal,
I meet thee thus! and take thee to my Heart——
[*Embracing him.*
This, if thou'rt Faithful found: if otherwise,
No Torture may be equal to thy Crime?——
I've heard, indeed, that Artifice, and Fraud
Have lurk'd beneath the Vail of Sanctity!
Try. In hope of Mercy I confess it all! [*Kneeling.*
Zim. Mercy!—Ye Gods! if in such Shapes as these,
So near your sacred Altars we're betray'd
Where is't that Man is safe? [*Anum.* In Death alone!
Zim. Within! Secure him strait!

Enter Attendants who seize Try. *and carry him off.*

Anum. Come, joyn with me,
To curse Mankind, and leave the savage Race!
A poor Man lives not here without Contempt!
They stare upon the Monster! point him out!
And hunt him, like Infection, from the Herd!
Their very Mercy tastes of Cruelty!
In Pride they grant, and spurn the humble Wretch

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Who feeds upon their Bounty!
Zim. Thankleſs Man! [*A Trumpet.*
What may this mean?—— a *Herald* from the State.
Amm. Then, lo! I propheſy!—prepare for War!
Arm for the *Perſian*!——after *Ammon*'s Death
Tell it with wonder, that a Prophet once
Spoke Truth in *Greece!*

Enter a Herald.

Zim. Hail, ſacred Meſſenger!
What from the Senate? can I ſerve the State?
I've liv'd for *Greece*, and now for *Greece* wou'd Dye!
Be brief with me!
Her. Let mighty *Zimon* know,
Athens once more invites him to the Field.
The *Perſians* have forgot thy Victories,
And riſe again, to fall before thy Sword.
This will inform you—— [*Delivering a Paper.*
Amm. Now, ye equal Pow'rs!
Pour down your Vengeance on th' *Athenian* Pride!
May *Perſian* Rage devour their guilty Land,
And kill the Name of *Athens!*
Her. *Athens* greets thee—— [*Proceeding with* Zim.
The Senators of *Athens* are thy Friends:
And, as a Proof of the good Will they bear thee,
Have ſent thee here a *Grecian* Enemy;
A young and riotous Nobleman of *Athens.*
Zim. Hah!
Her. Who, with others his Aſſociates,
All in the Feaver of their youthful Blood,
Was ſeiz'd in Combination, even now
To have forc'd thy Houſe, and ſpoil'd thee of thy Daughter.
Zim. Oh, my *Heſione!*——
Her. The Senate waves
The Courſe of Juſtice, and delivers up

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Th'

Th' Offender to thy Sentence——bring him forth!

Omp. [*within*] Unhand me! by the Gods, I'm basely wrong'd!

[*Enters struggling with the Guards.*

Zim. Releaſe him! [*To the Guards.*

Omp. Where's the Wretch whoſe treach'rous Heart
The warmeſt Friendſhip, and the ſtrongeſt Vows
Cou'd not ſecure from Falſhood? he who ſhar'd
My Heart, and Fortunes, yet ſeduc'd me forth,
That in my abſence he might ſteal away
My only valued Treaſure?

Amm. Such a Wretch
Shou'd *Ammon* be!——if Vengeance is thy Thirſt,
Come on! and meet an Oppoſite, whoſe Hopes
Are not in Victory!—— [*Draws.*

Omp. So deſperate?
Then thus——and ſo I pay thy Perjuries!——

[*Wreſts his Sword from one of the Guards.*

[*They Fight:* Ammon *is driven off, and* Omphales *returns inſtantly.*]

This Arm has juſtly miniſter'd thy Fate!
Our Enemy's no more: But where's that Friend,
That faithful, beauteous Friend? ſhe who was wont
With Smiles of Love to welcome my Return
From greater Conqueſts, and a nobler Foe?

Zim. Oh, name her not! If thou haſt pow'r, forget her!

Omp. And art thou then ſtill deaf to all our Pray'rs?

Zim. Alas, *Omphales!* wretched, injur'd Youth!
Had *Zimon* known, what now too late he mourns,
As ſoon he won'd have ſhun'd his Foe in War!
Or pierc'd the deareſt corner of his Heart!
As ſoon have trampled on the Laws of Heav'n,
As e'er have torn thee from *Heſione!*
Pleas'd, I had crown'd your long, and faithful Loves;
Fondly each Day beheld your Joys increaſe,

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Deceiving ſo th' Infirmities of Age,
Till the late Hour of Fate!

Omp. What may this mean?

Zim. Demand no more!

Omp. Heav'n, guard *Heſione!*

Zim. Hah!——turn thee there!——Oh, ye immortal Pow'rs!

Omp. Alas! then it is plain! the Cauſe is plain!
And Harmony itſelf is now unſtring'd!

Enter Heſione *diſtracted.*

Heſ. Hark!——'twas the midnight Raven!——

Omp. Guard her, Heav'n!

Heſ. Doſt thou not hear it?——hence, I'll-boader, hence!——

——Nay, tell me not! there's Treach'ry! Treach'ry!
——What?——*Amuſa?*——out! I'll hear no more of that!
—Soft! ſoft!——the Hour is almoſt come!——'tis Dark!
Heav'n ſees me not! I'll ſteal him from the Gods!

Omp. Heſione——!

[*Taking her by the Hand, and looking affectionately on her.*]

Heſ. Away!——I'll to my Love!——
Villainy! rank Villainy!——nay, 'twill out!——
——Sure I ſhall meet him ſoon.

Omp. Behold him here!

Omphales here!——

Heſ. When ſhall I die indeed?

Omp. Live and be happy long within theſe Arms——
[*Embracing her.*

Heſ. Omphales—— [*Recovering.*]

Omp. 'Tis *Omphales* ſpeaks to thee!——

Heſ. Far off, methinks, I hear the Charmer's Voice!
—'Tis he! *Omphales* ſelf!

Omp.

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Omp. Now shall I grow
Wild in my turn, and mad with Ecstasie!
The Gods at length reward our faithful Loves!
Hes. Alas, *Omphales* —— 'tis too powerful! ——
There is no Room for Hope! ——
Omp. No more of this! ——
Enough of Sorrow we've already known!
Long Joy succeeds!
Hes. Oh, think no more of Joy!
Omp. What means my Love?
Hes. Oh! — I am cold to Death! ——
Your Presence cheers me yet — if you survive
And in an happy Maid forget a true one,
May she adore you with a Love like mine!
Omp. Alas! again she raves! ——
Zim. Wou'd it were so! ——
Hes. My solemn Vow, *Omphales*! — it is past!
—— I've ta'en the fatal Draught?
Omp. What do I hear! ——
Ye Pow'rs, defend my Soul from instant Madness!
Hes. If I have been in haste —— when we shall meet
In endless Peace —— you surely may forgive ——
—— I can no more —— [*Dies.*
Zim. Oh, fatal Constancy!
Omph. I was a Partner in that solemn Vow!
[*Recovering from his Astonishment.*
—— And thus I share it! [*Falls on his Sword by her.*
Zim. Send me Patience, Heaven! ——
Omp. Even Death is here inviting! —— be it thus
With our Remains —— one Urn will hold our Ashes —— [*Dies.*
Zim. I shall not long survive these heavy Ills! ——
Tho' Life becomes a Load too great to bear,
Let us not murmur yet; but thank the Gods,
'Tis in our Choice to die! —— But let it pass! ——

Now

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Now for the State— The Cauſe of theſe our Ills
[*To the Herald.*
They ſoon ſhall learn ——— bear thou my Anſwer thus!
Tell 'em I'll go ——— but never to return!
That I may conquer ——— but not live to triumph!
That I, whom Glory, and the Cauſe of *Greece*
Were wont to ſummon to the duſty Field,
Am now call'd forth by Deſperation,
The Spur of Cowards! for I am ſick of Life,
And wou'd no more look out upon the Day!
Then I demand this Boon! when they at large
Have heard the Offenders Crimes, that they inflict
A rig'rous Juſtice on the impious *Tryphon*.
And laſtly give 'em theſe Inſtructions from me!
When they ſhall hear a ſmooth and forward Tongue
Deſcant on Heaven from a Face like *Tryphon*'s,
That they look round, and arm againſt Deſtruction;

That to be kind is dang'rous: that they truſt
To Heav'n alone; for Heav'n alone is Juſt!
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

End of the Fifth ACT.

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EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *PORTER.*

IF in th' Attempt you've found our Author fail,
Yet ceaſe, ſeverer Criticks, ceaſe to rail!
Too well he knew, he could but faintly ſhow,
How Poets pleas'd two thouſand Years ago,
Nor vainly did preſume to rival thoſe
Whoſe Fame has ever liv'd, and ever grows.
Let abler Bards to ſuch great Aims aſpire,
And equal what he only can admire,
Contented if he ſhows the arduous Height,
And calls forth others to maintain the Flight,
Far better pleas'd in ſearch of Truth to ſtray,
Than gain falſe Glory by a ſurer way.
Think, he offends in no inglorious Cauſe;
And all his Benefit is your Applauſe.
For his own Pleaſure firſt theſe Scenes were made;
If he has pleas'd you too, he's doubly paid.

FINIS.

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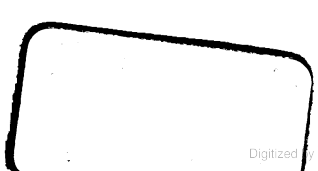
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